

The Arrostook Times.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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Houlton, Maine, June 16, 1905.

No. 325.

Church Directory

First Unitarian Church.

CORNER KELLERAN AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor REV. LEVERETT R. DANIELS.
Residence 43 School Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Young Peoples Religious Union 7.00 P. M.
Four O'Clock Vesper Service the Second Sunday of each Winter Month.
ALL WELCOME.

Free Baptist Church.

CORNER KELLERAN AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor REV. F. CLARKE HARTLEY.
Residence 35 Highland Avenue.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Preaching 10.30 A. M. 7 P. M.
Bible School and Pastors Class 11.45 A. M.
Christian Endeavor Service 6.00 P. M.
Regular Prayer and Praise Service Tuesday, 7.30 P. M.

First Baptist Church.

COURT ST.
REV. J. A. FORD M. A. Pastor.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Bible School 12.00 A. M.
Junior Endeavor 3.00 P. M.
Christian Endeavor 6.15 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
Prayer Meeting Tuesday 7.30 P. M.

The Church of the Good Shepherd.

SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Service 10.30 A. M.
Evening Service 7.00 P. M.
Sunday School 9.45 A. M.
FRIDAYS.
Sittings free. All Welcome.
J. C. KOON, Rector.

Congregational Church.

COURT ST.
Pastor REV. DANIEL E. PUTNAM.
Residence, 10 Kelleran Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Preaching Service 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Pulse Service with brief Address 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY.
Prayer Meeting 7.30 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

CORNER MILITARY AND SCHOOL STS.
Pastor, REV. G. E. EDGETT.
Residence, 28 School St.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 12.00 A. M.
Epworth League 6.00 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.
FRIDAY. Class Meeting 7.30 P. M.
All Welcome.

First Presbyterian Church.

CORNER HIGH AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor, REV. KENNETH McKAY.
Maine, Next door to Church on High Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Sunday School 9.30 A. M.
Morning Worship 10.30 A. M.
Junior C. E. Service 2.30 P. M.
Service in Church on Foxcroft Road 2.30 P. M.
C. E. Service 6.30 P. M.
Evening Worship 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.

Philadelphia's unexpected uprising against graft claims the enthusiastic interest of the entire country. There are signs of an awakening of public conscience everywhere, but in the general movement of reform it was natural to suppose that Philadelphia would be the last city to fall in line. Yet the remarkable public protest when the council made ready to pass the usurious gas lease; the visit of a throng of citizens to the city hall, shouting, "Thieves! and Robbers!" at their elected representatives; the determination shown in the support given Mayor Weaver in his new attitude—these are unmistakably genuine indications of a deep-seated purpose. First there was a battle of authorities—the mayor against the machine. Mayor Weaver forced out of office the Director of Public Safety and the Director of Public Works, replacing them with temporary appointees free from corrupt taint. Then there was a battle of the courts, the machine securing an injunction to prevent the removal of the two directors, and the mayor gaining his end by means of a writ of superædes, against what time the legal issue should finally be settled. Now there is a battle of wills—the popular will, as voiced by the mayor, against the will of the grafters. A few weeks ago when the clergy of Philadelphia began to pray for Mayor Weaver, that he might see his duty in its true light, there were few who believed so fully in the efficacy of prayer as to expect it to be answered in this instance. Yet answered the prayer has been.—Public Opinion.

An Unrecorded Engagement.

David Fraser stood with one foot in the stirrup, about to mount his well-laden horse.

"You will remember what I have said," Mr. Fraser was saying to his wife and two boys, who stood outside the cabin door. "A year ago I could not have left you alone; but now, if you keep quietly at home, and are civil to all, no harm will come to you. I will be back in a fortnight if all goes well." And with a last goodbye he sprang into his saddle, and the train took its way eastward toward Niagara Falls.

We are accustomed to think of the war of the Revolution as occurring chiefly on the Atlantic seaboard, and only the local history of the Niagara frontier tells of the horrors suffered by the settlers there from the Indians, French and English.

In 1772 the English under Sir William Johnson took a fort that the French had built years before when the Niagara River empties into the lake, and from that year until the time of my story the English held it; for, although the year 1782 saw the end of the Revolution, that fort with five others was held by the British for seven years longer. Hostilities were at an end, but the settlers still were made to feel the ill will of the British soldiers at the barracks whenever the slightest opportunity occurred. For this reason David Fraser cautioned his wife and children to remain at home and to offer no excuse for trouble.

Although Mrs. Fraser may have dreaded the loneliness, she had experienced too many real dangers to worry over possible ones, while the boys, David and Donald, looked forward to long days of idleness and playtime. Their father was not a harsh man; but in common with other fathers of that stern time he felt that work was the best safeguard against mischief, and accordingly kept his twin twenty-year-old sons reasonably busy about the house and garden. As a special favor he had abated these tasks during his absence.

The first day or two passed in happy abandonment to any play that the moment suggested, and then came the reaction. There was nothing to do. On the river side of their garden the bank rose steep, perhaps fifty feet above the water; and here they sat one morning, looking gloomily about for fresh worlds to conquer, when David, who had always stoutly maintained that he was the elder twin, suddenly rose from the lower end of the improvised "teeter" where he had been holding aloft his more timid brother, exclaiming, "I know what we'll do!"

"What-a-t?" quavered Donald, whose sudden contact with the earth deprived him for a time of breath.

David flung the teeter plank off of the tree-trunk which had served as its fulcrum. "What does that log remind you of?" he said, and while poor Donald was obediently trying to be reminded of something by a very commonplace piece of unhewn timber, David went on: "Don't you see it's just exactly like the big guns at the fort? Let's play it is a gun, and fire at Piquet down there fishing." Then assuming a threatening attitude, he called out, "Halt, Piquet, or we'll fire!"

The old Indian thus addressed raised his impassive face; and, when he understood the threat, smiled broadly and pretended to be greatly frightened. If the sudden warlike summons recalled any tragedy in his own dark life, it did not seem to disturb him, for after the concession of a mock retreat he continued to fish. As the events of the past did not trouble his soul, so also was he free from any worry as to the future beyond his next meal. If worst came to worst, he knew that an appeal for supper to kindly Mrs. Fraser would not be denied.

When Piquet's boat disappeared up the river, the warriors found themselves without an occupation again; and, as they sat brooding in the sunshine, an idea occurred to David, an idea so stupendous that he almost expected Donald would refuse to help him carry it out.

"Donald," he said impressively, "we can make that log into a real cannon"; and, Donald unexpectedly consenting, they began what to many boys whose toys come ready made to their hands would be a discouraging undertaking.

The log was about eight feet long, with a diameter of perhaps two feet. The first thing to be done was to split it lengthwise, and this the two little pioneers set about doing. How soon they would have abandoned the scheme can only be conjectured, for they were still laboring at it late that afternoon, when Piquet made his appearance. He had come stealthily up the bank, and stood watching the workers unobserved. Whether Indians were fond of work in those days than now I do not know. Perhaps he surprised himself as much as he surprised David when he reached over the little Scotchman's shoulder and took the axe out of his hand. Without asking any questions he finished the work the boys had begun, and then stalked off toward the house, stopping at the kitchen door for the corn bread he knew would be forthcoming.

All the next day the boys worked at hollowing out the split trunk; and, when that was finally accomplished, they spent another day in fastening the halves together. Rather guiltily they appropriated a few iron spikes from their father's precious store, and then to make assurance doubly sure, wound a piece of chain about the log, fastening the ends with staples driven through the end links into the wood.

At length the cannon was finished and mounted on another log, in which a hollow had been cut to receive it. The boys were delighted, and played a whole day with their new toy before they began to regret the lack of ammunition.

Lying in his trundle-bed that night, another brilliant idea came to David. He could hardly sleep for thinking of it, and when morning came lost no time in imparting his scheme to Donald. Yellow clay from a bank near the house, and some large pebbles from the river, wet and moulded into spheres made excellent cannon-balls. By noon a dozen of these deadly missiles were drying in the sun.

But, alas! the same sun that dried the balls cracked them, some even falling apart in their hands. Here was disappointment, and the boys were turning sorrowfully away when Piquet appeared once more above the river bank. His sharp eyes took in the situation at once, and with a muttered exclamation he went back down the bank.

"What did he say?" asked Donald, who in his heart was always rather glad to see the big Seneca go.

"I think he said, 'Piquet fix 'em,'" said David hopefully; "but I'm not sure; we'll wait and see."

They saw no more of the Indian that night. Next morning, however, the first thing that met their eyes was a row of cannon-balls adorning the length of the "Commodore," as they had christened their gun. The balls were made of yellow clay, but by some mysterious process of Indian pottery-making had been rendered so hard that even when one dislodged by David's eager hand fell to the ground it did not break.

Now, with a noble gun like the Commodore and ten hard, four inch balls, what must inevitably follow? Every pioneer kept a supply of powder; and, though the boys had been trained from babyhood to the use of firearms, they knew that the experiment of firing a home-made cannon was a dangerous one; further than this they knew that their father would not approve of any actual waste of powder. But the temptation was strong. Perhaps they might have waited to gain, if possible, their mother's consent, had not David just then espied a schooner entering the river's mouth.

"Come, Donald, let's run to the powder house and get enough powder to fire just one ball across her bows when she goes past," he urged; and when Donald hesitated, "Come on, or we'll be too late, and another boat may not come by in weeks; besides—"

he was going to add that before that time his father would be at home, but refrained lest Donald's easily awakened conscience might assert itself.

They had barely time to fetch the powder and to load the cannon when the schooner came abreast. Then with a long stick lighted at the kitchen fire they set off the charge. The deafening report so frightened both boys that they did not stop to see what effect their hastily aimed shot had taken. In a moment, though, they crept out from behind the house, and were horrified to see the boat's deck thronged with people who appeared to be dividing their attention between the shore and some prostrate object in the midst of them.

The twins dropped behind their fortifications, trembling with terror. "O David, we have killed someone! What shall we do?" chattered Donald.

"Boys, boys, what is the matter?" screamed their mother, running toward them. "Are you hurt?" and she took poor trembling Donald into her lap, feeling his arms and legs for possible fractures.

David was very pale, but his voice was steady when he said: "No, mother Donald isn't hurt, and he didn't fire the gun. I fired it, and I have killed some one on the boat down there. I only meant to send a ball across her bows, but somehow it hit the deck. I shall have to go to prison and be hung, but it was my plan."

The boat was by this time out of sight, and the frightened little family went into the house, where they waited all the afternoon and evening for the summons they knew would come. They knew that the boat belonged to an English company, and that no pity could be looked for from the stern commander at the fort, who naturally felt hostile toward the successful colonists. In their minds they pictured all sorts of horrors, and poor Mrs. Fraser even saw the country plunged into another bloody war in consequence of her boy's rash act.

In the morning she prepared breakfast and forced the children to take a little food. Perhaps it was almost a relief from the imagined terrors of the night when they saw a soldier dismount at the door. He handed Mrs. Fraser a letter, and stood by scowling while she read it.

"Dear Madam," it began, "At four o'clock on the afternoon of June tenth, the schooner Dartmouth while passing up the Niagara River was, without warning or provocation, fired upon by a gun stationed on your premises. Although the vessel was damaged (to a slight extent only) and one life lost (that of the cook's pet monkey), we proceeded on our way to the landing, where upon inquiry I learned through the Indian Piquet the character of the bombardment gun, and the approximate age of the enemy. I also learned that your husband, who was a friend of my boyhood, is away from home, and send this communication to you, hoping that you will look upon the hostile act as I do and—forgive it. I am, my dear madam, your most obedient servant, GILES MORTIMER, Commander."

The letter shook in Mrs. Fraser's trembling fingers, and tears ran down her cheeks. She could not speak; but the messenger understood the situation, and after winking solemnly at the white-faced children saluted and left the house.

When the door closed behind the soldier, Mrs. Fraser caught the children to her bosom, explaining in broken sentences that they had been forgiven; but in spite of her tenderness and their own relief too very sober boys crept out into the sunshine a little later, and began the destruction of the remaining ammunition of the "Commodore."

Sitting in the long grass that grows untended above the century-old wall of Fort Niagara, I listened to this story from the lips of a gray-haired man, David Fraser's son who added, "The old gun lay for twenty-five years on the bank of the river, but it had nothing to do with the War of 1812 that I know of."

Makes digestion and assimilation perfect. Makes new red blood and bone. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. A tonic for the sick and weak. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Sold by R. J. Cochran.

At the Necktie Counter.

"Black neckties, if you please." Drummond, the salesman, stared across the counter at the speaker, as if his thoughts were in Egypt.

"What is it?" he said, at last.

"Black neckties. Silk." Drummond threw a box down. The customer opened it. "These are red—and not silk," he said, quickly.

"Nobody wears black silk now," Drummond said, yawning and looking indifferently at the plain old man before him. Then he took up the box and threw it back into its place. "Have you none of the kind I want?" asked the old man.

"No; that kind of goods went out years ago. 'We don't keep 'em,' said the salesman, insolently.

"There are plenty of black silk ties," said Sanders, the man at the next counter, in an undertone.

"I know; but what's the good of bothering with an old back number like that? Methodist preacher, I'll bet five to one. But I was telling you about my cousins, the Harts. The three brothers all left the village and came up to town. One is now a railway boss, one a banker, and the third a sugar man—all of them millionaires."

"A lucky family! How was that?" "They all had capital to start with. The man with capital wins out every time."

"Perhaps you have neckties—black silk?" the old man said to Sanders. He had been lingering near the counter.

"I think there are some, sir," said Sanders, taking down some boxes. He opened one after another, but there were no ties of the kind the old man wanted.

Drummond, with a half-amused stare at the persistent customer, turned away to gossip and giggle with a salesgirl. Sanders anxiously took down box after box.

"I am afraid I am giving you a great deal of trouble," said the old man, kindly.

"That's what I'm here for," said the salesman, pleasantly. "I'm sure I shall find them."

The box was found at last and a necktie of the right width chosen, wrapped, and handed to the troublesome customer with a smile.

The next morning Sanders received a printed slip, notifying him of his promotion in the store. Drummond also received a slip, but it informed him that after the end of the next week his services would no longer be required by Colton & Co. Underneath the printed form were written the words: "Civility and efficiency are capital as well as money. You will fail, because you have neither."

"Who was that old bore?" demanded Drummond, in a fury.

"It was John Colton, the silent partner of the firm," said one of the men. —Youth's Companion.

Vacation—or Re-creation?

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Too many of us take our vacation in the literal sense of the word "emptiness." We might as well call it vacuum without demur. To loll on a piazza, to smoke one's cigar, (or embroider an eminently useless pincushion cover) under a shady tree, to while away the sunny hours with a novel, to "kill time" as the terribly truthful expression goes,—there are apt to comprise our idea of vacation, whether we are clerks with a fortnight's freedom before us, or millionaires able to use steam-yachts and "red-devils" as adjuncts and auxiliaries in the aforesaid slaughter. All over the United States the average man, woman, and child is just now counting the days that intervene before the advent of this magical season, whether it be of weeks or months which is to release us from the regular treadmill of our labors, and which has grown so marvellously, be it said, during the last quarter of a century, to be a reckoned portion of American life. It is to be wished that an earnest sermon might be preached on the text, "Not Vacation, but Re-creation,"—not emptiness, but renewal of life, upbuilding of physical, mental, and moral strength, during these precious summer hours when, as children say,

"we can do anything we want to."

Carlyle somewhere says (I have not the exact quotation by me), "Work is the clear stream which sweetens and purifies the sour swamp of existence." Applying this to vacation-time, we need not restrict the word to hard labor, it has the good old English meaning of definite, earnest occupation of any sort, as where Shakespeare wrote, "Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand That you yet know not of."

In any holiday crowd at a baseball match one can hear the same use of the word from the bleachers, "Oh, get to work there!" meaning, to "play with all your might!" Right here is the secret of the profitable use of vacation.

Let us do something, not dawdle, nor loll, nor dream the hours away,—do something and do it hard, do it with all our might. In the change from the regular routine of necessary labor, in the vigorous exercise of mind and body, in the glow of blood and tissue and muscle, as well as the alert motion of the intellect, we shall truly rest and be re-created. And in this recreation, which knows no vacuum or emptiness of life, the moral vigor, the highest energies of which we are capable, will receive a new and healthy tone and plentiful scope for action. The languid dreamy summer Sabbath itself will find us, not yawning over the Sunday paper, but ready for action along fine and noble lines. Everywhere there are people to be helped over hard places, everywhere and every day in the year there is a call for the best there is in us. Shame on the empty life, be it winter or summer. Frisch auf! and to work, to the truest enjoyment of another blue day, that dawns, to the truest rest, the veritable recreation that is possible to every one of us, when school is done and vacation begun this good year 1905.—Christian Register.

It is a question discussed sometimes with heat whether there can be joy in work of all kinds. If there is no joy in work of all kinds. If there is no joy in working in many cases, it is not because of the impossibility in the case. Joy in working is an end to be aimed at, even in the coarsest labor and the most menial occupation. At once some one will protest that it is impossible to enjoy some kinds of work. It is not impossible if the conditions are normal and right. Of course a slave cannot enjoy working under the lash, and a convict may find it impossible to put his heart into his work. But, if work of any kind is the best that one can do, it can be done with zeal and zest, with the hope of getting on to better things. That nothing in itself can be too common and unclean to be interesting is shown by the work done eagerly and joyfully by physicians, by surgeons, by chemists, and by all those happy workers who, in the pursuit of truth and to relieve human misery, search out all the foul corners, the noisome products of sin and sickness, and the pest-holes where nature hides the germs of pestilence and death. If done voluntarily for a good end, being the best one can do, any work may become joyous, and conditions to make it so ought to be provided for every human being upon the face of the earth. That is what civilization is for.—Christian Register.

The Roosevelt Dam.

The largest piece of work yet ordered under the National Irrigation act, is an extensive dam in Salt River Valley, Arizona contracts for which have just been let by Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department, at a total cost of \$1,100,000. In addition to providing water for about 350,000 acres of land, now arid and useless, this dam will supply water power for many industries throughout the region. One of the important achievements of the first administration of President Roosevelt was the practical beginning of systematic operations in reclaiming the lands in the West by means of irrigation under the act of Congress, passed at the urgent recommendation of the President. The dam is to be 225 feet high and to have a thickness at its base of about 200 feet, is to be named after the President, and the compliment is well deserved.

It is eminently appropriate that a great and typical piece of work like the one in question should bear his name.—Commercial, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Aroostook Times

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The Aroostook Times

ALL THE HOME NEWS.

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A GREAT SLUMP IN THE STOCK OF BOUNDARY LINE RUM SHOPS.

For the last two years stock in the boundary line stores has probably paid the largest dividends of any property in this section, but for the last month the stock in this property has been unsteady and last Saturday when Inspector Colpitts of Carleton County, N. B., Collector of Customs Carpenter, Deputy Sheriff Wolverton, Hansen, Barpee, Retyers, and Bull of Woodstock, N. B., were re-enforced by Sheriff Lawlis of this county, Deputy Sheriff Smart, Deputy Collector of Customs Peters of Bridgewater, a special U. S. Deputy, and Felch and Dunn of the Civic League, swooped down on the outlaws operating these joints. The stock for a while was worthless. The reasons for the slump in this stock are many. Eighteen months ago a few men met at the County Commissioners' rooms at the Court House in this town, most of them Civic League men, and discussed the question of how they could best get rid of these nuisances on the border. A committee was appointed to investigate the joints. The investigation was made and the conditions found at that time were written up and published in the Star Herald. Some two hundred extra copies of the Star Herald were struck off and sent broad cast over the County. This article was backed up by a strong editorial from Mr. Collins of the Herald. The Civic League Record took up the matter which gave the place publicity. Some of the Boston papers became interested and sent a reporter to photograph the buildings and write up the situation. He was prevented from taking the photograph by one of the numerous Thompson family who broke up his camera, but a snap shot was taken the next day of Thompson's and McLain's places and published in the Boston Globe. Mr. Pringle of the Civic League Record took photographs of Jake Wise's building, exterior and interior, and reproduced them in the Record and then sent copies of the paper into four thousand homes in this state.

A petition setting forth the condition of things on the border, was sent to the Secretary of the United States Treasury signed by the leading business men of the County, and by the Selectmen of all the towns on our border asking for an investigation to be made relating to the sixteen liquor stores doing business on the line between the two governments. The Provincial Government has been criticised through the press of this county for the attitude they were taking in the matter. No one of these movements has brought about the attitude taken by the two governments relating to the boundary line stores, but all put together made the seizure of Two Thousand Dollars' worth of liquor at the three line stores last Saturday possible. Seizures previous to this have been made at Limestone and Bridgewater.

The fight is now on all along the line and while the burden comes largely upon the officials of Carleton County, N. B., we must not be slow in lending a hand to help them. While we could not help them materially in the seizure made last Saturday we were informed by the officials many times that they were mighty glad to have us on the ground. We were favorably impressed with the provincial officials. They struck us as men who enjoyed their work, and as we left the field of slaughter we felt like saying, "When shall we all meet again?" We have previously criticised the provincial government relating to the enforcement of their prohibitory liquor law. We feel called upon to do so again. While Mr. Colpitts and his men loaded a large double wagon three times with liquor from Thompson's store it was claimed by one of the officials that in a building not thirty feet away was as much more. This they told us was a bonded warehouse in which liquor was stored awaiting the payment of the internal revenue, and that no one but an internal revenue official had a right to open it. However it was generally understood that the Thompsons had a key to the building and took liquor from it whenever needed. If these statements that we heard are true, we hope our provincial brothers will investigate the matter and call a halt. We believe that they will. While we have criticised the provincial government we are obliged to confess that our own government, or its officials, have been delinquent in their duties. We have been told repeatedly, and had come to believe it, that there was no law, federal or state, that could reach the line stores. We quote below two sections of Chapter 11 of the laws of the United States.

Chapter 11, Section 3107.

If any store, warehouse or other building shall be upon or near the boundary line between the United States and any foreign country, and there is reason to believe that dutiable merchandise is deposited or has been placed therein or carried through or into the same without payment of duties, and in violation of law, and the collector, deputy collector, naval officer or surveyor of customs, shall make oath before any magistrate competent to administer the same, that he has reason to believe and does believe that such offence has been therein committed, such officer shall have the right to search such building and the premises belonging thereto; and if any such merchandise shall be found therein the same, together with such building shall be seized, forfeited and disposed of according to law, and the building shall be forthwith taken down or removed.

Chapter 11, Section 3108.

Any person who shall have received or deposited in such building upon the boundary line between the United States and any foreign country, or carried through the same, any merchandise, or shall have aided therein in violation of law, shall be punishable by a fine of not more than Ten Thousand Dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than two years or both.

The above section may not be clear to the legal mind but it seems easy reading to the layman. At any rate the grand jury of the U. S. District Court, just closed at Bangor, found no difficulty in convicting Jake Wise on Sec. 3108, and he has been ordered to tear down his buildings which are situated on the boundary line and go out of the business or go to prison. We understand he has decided to do the former. This is not a new law but an old one put in operation and it is working fine. We expect

our federal officials to keep at it until a boundary line rum shop is a thing of the past. The same statute that is good for Wise is good for McLain.

In a conversation with Holman Mullen of the famous Bridgewater line store, he informed us that he had met with a change of purpose, if not of heart, and was all done with selling the ardent. He said it was impossible to continue his business when the officials from both governments were after him. We commend the attitude of the provincial officials in their effort to close out the joints on our border. Any time that they need our assistance if they will let us know we will meet them half way and man for man.

Dr. Martin D. Kneeland on Sabbath Observance.

Those who listened to Dr. Kneeland's address on Sunday afternoon at the Methodist church heard a strange plea in defense of the Christian Sabbath.

Referring to a storm he once witnessed in the Alps when a storm cloud proved to be the centre of other storms he said this battle to be waged in defense of Sabbath Observance was the centre of other great issues and the most important subject to be considered. He quoted Daniel Webster who said that if the Christian Sabbath loses its hold upon our people America is doomed.

"Joseph Cook said 'The Christian Sabbath is the care of American civilization.'"

Reference was made to statements of Emerson and Edward Everett Hale to the same effect.

He contrasted the difference between the Pilgrim Fathers and ourselves as they spent their first Sabbath on a little island not erecting on that day even a temporary shelter for themselves.

Not only must we remember the forefathers but also the foremothers of this country. It is due to them that Monday has been set apart as a washing day and it would be well if the Sabbath had been as carefully observed.

The reasons why we should observe the Sabbath are based upon Scripture truth as our 170 passages give instruction in this direction. Science also teaches the need of rest one day in seven to repair the waste of body and mind.

History too, gives numerous instances of prosperity in obeying and disaster in disobeying their Lord.

He denied the charge that foreigners are responsible for the non-observance of the Sabbath and referred to other countries more loyal than ours in this regard. He cited Gladstone who, in the presence of public affairs were allowed his letter to be opened from Saturday to Monday.

He said "No Sovereign has done more to preserve Sabbath than Queen Victoria."

Once when entertained by her loyal subjects in the country she especially enjoyed biscuits made by a baker in the town. When the baker, who was a Scotchman, was asked on Sunday morning to prepare biscuits for her Majesty's breakfast, he replied in Scottish dialect that much as he would like to please the Queen he must be loyal to his heavenly King and he could not do this work on Sunday.

The Queen was so pleased with his reply that she asked the privilege of naming the biscuit "Prince Albert Biscuit," and great was the demand for them in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, all because of this man's loyalty to his convictions as to Sabbath keeping.

The principal thought of the speaker was the peril of this country if the Sabbath is not maintained. Brief but appropriate remarks were made by the clergymen present, pastors McKay, Ford, Putnam and Edgett.

Like all other good causes it needs financial support to circulate literature and so arouse and increase an interest in this most worthy cause.

Island Falls.

Rev. A. H. Black of Bangor has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church of Island Falls.

A children's day concert was held at the F. B. church Sunday evening. The church was filled and the audience well pleased.

William Sewell and family are enjoying a vacation at their cottage on Mattawamkeag lake.

Mrs. Sadie Dunn of St. Croix is spending a few days with her parents in this town.

S. R. Crabtree and wife who have been visiting in Massachusetts returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Corless spent Sunday with her husband at Howe Brook.

Mr. William Brooks has been spending a few days at Forest City.

Mr. Wm. Leavitt is painting his house on Harden St.

Bridgewater.

Rev. W. M. Kinney occupied the pulpit at the Free Baptist church last Sunday.

A crowd of fifteen from this town accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Jones went to Florenceville, N. B., last Thursday on a fishing excursion.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Pennington and Mrs. J. McKen left last Tuesday for a trip to the West. They expect to be gone about three months.

Evangelists Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Jones, who have been conducting services at the Boundary, closed their work Sunday evening.

The grammar school taught by Miss McBurnie, closed Wednesday. Miss Smith's school and the grammar school joined in having a picnic in the afternoon. A short program that had been arranged by the teachers, was carried out and each pupil rendered his part very well.

Sherman Mills.

The Children's Day exercises Sunday morning by the children of the Sunday school, called out a large congregation taxing the seating capacity of the church to the limit. The singers seats were occupied by a chorus of young men and ladies also an orchestra with Ed. C. Roberts and Theo. Joy, violins, L. E. Jackman, cornet, and Miss Ella Jackman, organist. As the orchestra were playing the Voluntary and Processional march the children filed in from both entrances, marched up the aisles and took their places on the platform. A banner was carried by one of the pupils in each of the two files, one by Bennie Gannell with the inscription "Sunday school of Washburn Memorial Church." The other by Maurice Jackman with "Children's Day 1905." The program was as follows:

Voluntary and Processional March	Orchestra
Opening Chorus	Song of Nature
Greeting	Helen Caldwell
Song	We'll try to make Jesus glad
Recitation	Cora Gillespie
Song	Freda Gillespie
Recitation	Rachel Emery
Recitation	Jennie Lewis
Song	Hosanna
Song	Clara Hussey
Recitation	Pearly Joy
Song	Nellie Bradbury
Recitation	June Perrin
Recitation and Song	Nettie French
Recitation	Marie Parker
Song	Chorus
Reading	Ethel Frye
Singing	

Graduating exercises by a class of 14 from the primary department and presentation of bibles to scholars who have had a 9th birthday during the year, viz: Jamie Macolm, Phyllis Whitehouse, Lyle Stubbs, Donald Kneeland, Hazel Emery, Ronal Sleeper, Clifford Hussey, Freda Gillespie, Emily Crockett, Ray Hamilton, Lucinda Boynton.

Dyer Brook

Miss Mame White and Miss Lucy Hannigan spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. W. Townsend.

Mrs. Mary A. Meerve of Island Falls is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Samuel Wibberly has gone to Canterbury for a few days.

Rev. Mr. Black of Bangor preached here last Sunday morning to a large and appreciative congregation. Mr. Black presented the gospel message in a clear, forcible manner which must have left its impression on the hearts of the people.

Quite the event of the season for the young people took place Saturday evening at the home of Mr. William Townsend. The occasion being Mr. Townsend's 25th birthday. After an enjoyable evening of games and music a delightful luncheon was served by Mrs. Townsend assisted by Miss Kelly and Miss Sargent. At 11.15 the party broke up and each guest departed, wishing Mr. Townsend many returns

of the evening.

Saturday morning dawned cloudy but later the sun came out in all its splendor and quite a large number from Dyer Brook and neighboring towns spent the day at Pleasant Pond. The day proved a favorable one and the program was as follows: fishing, boating, swinging, gathering flowers, etc. The dinner was just what one enjoys and the ladies deserve to be highly complimented for manifesting so much skill in the pastry line. The gentlemen also deserve praise for the abundance of fruit that was on the table. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clark spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Randall.

Grange News.

Houlton Grange

A large number of Patrons were in attendance at the Grange Hall, Saturday, June 10. Mr. Edwin McIntosh was re-elected purchasing agent, and Geo. Auber, Geo. McIntosh and Ira Porter were elected as a committee to look after the blacksmith's shop. It is thought that it will be best to rent the shop for the ensuing year.

Brother John Davidson in a few eloquent sentences welcomed State Lecturer W. J. Thompson who then addressed the grange. The following is a very inadequate attempt to give an outline of this eloquent and able address. Aroostook stands for enterprise, energy, thrift and growth and when contrasted with other portions of the state may be looked upon with pardonable pride. One quality of the people of Aroostook to be noticed and commended is that of remaining cheerful and courageous under the discouragement of low prices for potatoes. No one is discouraged, but every one feels that the place to find money, is where it was lost.

The grange is to be congratulated upon the fact that it is the largest and most prosperous in the world.

There are always lessons to be learned by experience. One of these is that a good thing may be carried too far. One man becomes interested in some branches of education and becomes an educational crank. Another carries the idea of work too far, and has no opportunity to develop his intellectual nature. The grange is an educational factor, teaching the sublime lesson of the dignity of labor and also teaching that the spiritual and mental side should be cultivated in order that man may develop into the Godlike creature he was designed to be.

Another lesson difficult to learn is that of change, and in these days of rapid change. Within the memory of many living now the stage coach was the most rapid and comfortable means of travel, but it has been superseded by the steam engine and electric car. The plough of 100 years ago was a clumsy and inadequate tool compared with the best types of today. Changes are apparent all about, in the home, in business and on the farm. Everything that is alive is moving and changing. The Boston of today is not the Boston of fifty years ago. Buildings built today at a cost of millions of dollars, in a few years will be replaced by something more adequate to the time. The change in farm machinery is as great as that in any branch of business life. Man has thus multiplied himself six times within the past 50 years. One man today is able to take care of as many potatoes as six men could take care of fifty years ago. One man with improved machinery in South Carolina can produce as much rice as one hundred Chinamen are able to produce in China.

What a striking change takes place in dress! Sometimes these changes may be beautiful, convenient and comfortable. Sometimes they may be the reverse. Sometimes one may follow the fashion and sometimes it may be but a fad. Our business should be to keep us near the fashion as possible, but to avoid fads. In farming tools there have been many fads, some of them may be found hidden away behind your barn where you trust they are so well concealed that no one will ever think you about them.

Keeping up with the fashion in farming tools, however is wise.

The history of education is a history of progress; but here again we find fashion and fad. At first only the boys were educated, then the girls were allowed to receive some education. Today the girls far outnumber the boys in school. At first schools were taught only by men, now most of our teachers are women. The boys are leaving school just as soon as they can, and

many parents are only too willing to keep them out on any excuse. Is it not a fad to have the schools in the hands of women alone, and the girls the only ones who are receiving an education?

By looking back over the history of our race we may find in what direction we are tending. When Columbus returned from his voyage of discovery he reported that great mountains of gold were to be found in the new world, that a marvelous fountain was in this new land, which would make an old man young, and he backed up some of his wonderful stories by exhibiting specimens of the products of this country. But it was more than a hundred years before the people of Europe took enough stock in it to attempt to settle in this wonderful land.

If such stories were told now, would we remain impassive as they did at that time? We are more sensitive now than our fathers were many years ago. It was a custom for the husband to beat his wife if she neglected to have his dinner at the proper hour, and the woman expected it. Now, a more refined mode of punishment is used, but who will say it is any the less cruel.

We are going to continue to change. In the past farmers were isolated. They worked alone, but now they are demanding more and more cooperation, they are uniting and working together. In the future there will be fads, but we shall advance and develop confidence in each other. Other combinations and designing men will try to sow discord and distrust. But the movement which has accomplished so much is to continue to grow and prove more and more a blessing to the world.

How Farmers Built a Railroad.

In a recent number of World's Work appeared an interesting article giving an account of how the farmers of Ramsey county, North Dakota, built a railroad without the aid of outside or borrowed capital.

These farmers hauled their grain—often a distance of twenty-five miles—to Devil's Lake, the county seat, through which the Great Northern railway passed. It kept the farmers hauling grain all winter. They asked James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, to build a branch line from Devil's Lake up through their section. Mr. Hill said he could not build. Six of the largest farmers met at a school house. One of them was Joseph Kelley, who owned 900 acres of land, and who hauled his wheat fifteen miles to Devil's Lake. Mr. Kelley said, "If the Great Northern won't build, we will build." And the farmers built a railroad twenty-five miles long.

They asked every farmer who hauled grain to Devil's Lake to subscribe. Some subscribed \$25; others \$300. They raised \$500,000. They sent a farmer to Duluth to buy ties, another to St. Paul to buy old rails. A land promoter was building a small branch line out of Devil's Lake to the south, and they got him to survey the road. They hired section hands to lay the track. But they needed more money. They bought land along the line and laid out three towns, sold the lots and used the money to buy an old engine, a day coach, and four box cars from the Great Northern.

Then the road was started. It will stop for any farmer at any place. Last year, the road made its expenses; it hauled 60,000 bushels of wheat. This year, with the railroad at hand, the farmers planted more wheat and the road will haul 2,000,000 bushels.

"I went to Starkweather, the largest town laid out by the farmers on the road," said the writer of the article, I. F. Marceossan. "Two years ago the site was a flax field. I found it a business place, with thirty stores and houses, 400 people, a school house that cost \$10,000, three elevators with a capacity of 250,000 bushels, three banks, a newspaper and a church. At the other two towns, which a year ago were farm lots, I found grain elevators, schools and stores."

Here is what these farmers have done when they built their railroad; established three towns, increased the price of land along the way 75 per cent., increased their yield of wheat, built schools, established telephones. They made a whole community richer and independent.

Makes digestion and assimilation perfect. Makes new red blood and bone. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. A tonic for the sick and weak. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Sold by R. J.

How Togo Won Naval Battle

A Complete Story of the Titanic Struggle Between Japan and Russia.

For the first time since the smoke of titanic naval battle has cleared, a corrected story of the struggle that closed in direct disaster to the Russian arms is told by eye witnesses and participants in the awful strife.

SCOUT SHIP GIVES WARNING.

It is May 27, 1905. Far away, beyond the noisy clamor of the leaden gray waters which beat against the Tau islands, Korean strait, lies a Japanese cruiser, its outlines almost lost against the dull background. It has been there for days, weeks, months even. Its men are exhausted from inactivity.

Gradually, as the smoke comes nearer the dim outlines of a large fleet are traced. They grow more distinct through the fog, and finally the Japanese cruiser hoists anchor and moves slowly northward, toward the strait of Korea.

WIRELESS GIVES ALARM.

Then through space by wireless goes this message: "Enemy approaching, making for Korean straits."

Hundreds of miles away, just outside of Ma-san-rho, Korea, another great fleet, eternally vigilant catches the message from the air.

Admiral Togo, the Japanese commander in chief, has received the final word of the whereabouts of the Russian fleet. He gives orders quickly, pointedly. His great fleet splits into half a dozen parts, leaving all the Japanese battleships.

Vice Admiral Kamimura, commanding a squadron of heavy cruisers, moves across the Korean straits and down by the coast of Japan, behind Iki island, where no strange fleet dare venture. Japan's rough coast at this point is death to those who do not know it perfectly. Admiral Katsuka, with his squadron of light cruisers, takes his station at the northern end of the eastern channel, with orders to strike where it will do the greatest good.

WAIT FOR THE BATTLE.

Admiral Miso, with another division of cruisers and a part of the torpedo flotilla, takes a position east of the Tau islands. All have decks cleared for action, men tense with the strain of a coming battle, but quiet and cool, and gunners jumping at the word of command. The fog is still dense.

Then, from a scoutship at the eastern end of the Tau islands comes the wireless message:

"Enemy entering eastern channel." Preparations to throw the full fighting force into the eastern channel for the great strain are rushed forward. These completed, there breaks out from the march of Togo's flagship, this message:

"The destiny of our empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost."

Slowly, as if feeling its way, the Russian fleet approaches the Eastern channel of the Straits of Korea. Rojstvenky, certain that the fog will screen his movements, moves on in double column. On the starboard side are his battleships, on the port side are his cruisers.

Wallowing along just ahead of this battle formation, are four torpedo destroyers, the fastest of the fleet; following the main fleet are a dozen more torpedo vessels, auxiliary cruisers, repair ships and other vessels of immediate aid.

From 11 o'clock until noon the vessels move slowly forward. There is a half growing that Togo has failed to protect the Korean straits, that when Rojstvenky looped around Formosa he either left the Japanese fleet or that it had been reported falsely there and was lying in wait for the Russians at the mouth of Vladivostok.

Then suddenly a brisk wind wipes the fog away. Far away in the distance the Russians get a glimpse of smoke from Japanese vessels. Then, for the first time, Rojstvenky knows that the supremacy of the sea between Russia and Japan is to be contested in the Straits of Korea.

Full steam ahead, goes the signal to the engine room. Almost at the same moment this signal flutters from the signal line, is read quickly by the other vessels of the Russian fleet and all power is put on. If necessary the torpedo boats can be left behind.

At the signalling of the Russian boats the Japanese fleet begins to close in on the Russians. From the north comes the full battleship strength, with Togo on the Mikasa; from the northeast comes a line of cruisers and torpedo vessels, and from right and left, behind the fleet, suddenly appear, as if from the very face of the waters, other Japanese vessels of war.

Gradually the brilliant circle of guns closes around the Russian fleet. No shot has yet been fired. Rojstvenky still hopes to smash a path through the seemingly weak line ahead, then make a running fight of it into Vladivostok.

Suddenly brilliant colors flash out from the Mikasa. To the Russians they mean the great fight is on, although they cannot unravel the mystery of the Japanese cipher. To the Japanese vessels the brightly colored flags carry this message:

"Attack the flagship."

The story of the answer of the Japanese fleet to this signal from Togo is best told in the words of the captain of the destroyer, Murasame. His story is:

"When the order to 'attack the flagship' came from our admiral, we dashed through the heavy seas toward the enemy's ship to within a distance of 333 feet and fired our first torpedo, a fish-shaped eighteen-inch Whitehead. We saw it strike the Kniaz Souvaroff astern and soon realized that it had smashed her steering gear."

All night the torpedo boats were active. When the red glow of the dawn came the formation was practically the same as the night before. The Russian remnant of a fleet was still encircled by the Japanese, who were moving north with them. By this time both fleets were near the treacherous Liancourt Rocks.

At the first shot of the second day, Sunday, the Russian ships scattered like chaff. The Nicolai and the Orel, the Russian battleships, were still afloat. Togo signalled:

"Concentrate fire on battleships."

The main force of our combined fleet, upon accepting surrender of the remaining Russian main force near Liancourt Rocks, on the afternoon of May 28, stopped pursuit, and while engaged in the disposition of surrendered ships, Ad'l Ushakov, a coast defense ship, thereupon the Iwate and Yakumo were immediately dispatched in pursuit and invited her to surrender, but she refused and was sunk at 6 p. m. Her crew of over 300 men were rescued.

Cruiser Dmitri Donskoi was also found in the northwestern direction at 5 p. m., and was immediately overtaken and fired on vigorously by our fourth division and second destroyer flotilla. She was attacked that night by the second destroyer flotilla and the next morning was found aground on the southwestern shore of Ullung island, off Korean coast.

Our cruiser Chitose, while cruising to the northward on the morning of May 28, found and sank another Russian destroyer. Our cruiser Niyataka and destroyer Murakumo attacked also at noon on May 28 a Russian destroyer which finally went aground.

Later Ad'l Togo reported:

The Sissoi Veliki, Admiral Nakhimoff and Vladimir Monomach suffered heavily at midday on May 27, and at night were so badly damaged by our torpedo boat flotilla that they were put completely out of action. They were discovered the next morning drifting near Tushima by our converted cruisers Shinano Maru, Yata Maru, Tainan Maru and Sodo Maru, but went down before they could be captured.

Regarding the damage to our fleet subsequent reports show that during the attack of May 27, torpedo boats No. 34, 35 and 69 sank, but most of the crews were rescued. Otherwise no ship whatever was lost. The damage to the larger vessels, including the destroyers, was very slight.

As nearly the whole of the Japanese and Russian fleets were engaged in the battle its field was greatly extended and the weather being misty it was impossible to see more than five miles. I was therefore unable to keep in touch with all the divisions under me, even in the daytime. Besides, the battle occupied two days and two nights, the enemy scattering in every direction, while some of our vessels are engaged duties subsequent to the battle, so that it will be impossible to forward a detailed report for several days.

GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

"From this moment the whole of the shell fire of the Japanese fleet was simply concentrated upon Rojstvenky's flagship. Her funnels were shot into tinsel, her masts, with one exception, collapsed with a terrible noise, and her officers and sailors crowded around the one remaining mast, demented. It was really an awful sight, even to me, who in war have witnessed many incidents of a terrible nature."

"Then we fired our second torpedo. It struck the engine compartment and the flagship immediately listed nearly to the water's edge."

"Meanwhile, the cannonading of the whole of the Japanese fleet, as if controlled by one automatic switch, was concentrated upon the crowd of officers and men standing beneath the solitary mast, and within a few seconds they were scattered into fragments in the air like dry leaves before the wind."

"Almost simultaneously the flagship reared up, as perpendicular as a pole embedded in the ground, and plunged to the bottom of the sea."

"Togo's vessels maneuvered with perfect precision, and soon had the Russians enfiladed by their fire, not in the ordinary sense of the term, but in front and on both flanks. The scene, which I had the honor of witnessing, was superbly terrible."

"Guns of nearly 50 warships were being fired, and now and again a great crash sounded as loud reports coincided. For a time the belligerents gave shot for shot, and through the conflict the fleets were on the move."

"The Japanese knew instantly their enemy was beaten, and the concentration of their fire now became absolutely infernal. Long lines of smoke, like sea clouds, floated across the water and were lighted up by flashes of artillery. When the bombardment reached its zenith every second was marked by cannonading."

Japan's great guns were hammering away for hours before the Kniaz Souvaroff was finally destroyed and settled. Rojstvenky, gravely wounded—skull fractured—was lifted from the flagship to the Russian destroyer Bouinvi, which had darted up through the hail of Japanese shells at a signal from the doomed

battleship. Later the admiral was taken aboard the Biedovy, another destroyer.

Thus the Russian commander-in-chief was wounded. It was many hours later when a Japanese warship ran down the small destroyer and captured Rojstvenky with Admiral Nebogoff, who had in some manner taken refuge on the same destroyer. Admiral Rojstvenky was hidden in the hold of the destroyer, bleeding profusely, when the vessel fell into the hands of the Japanese. Nebogoff was also wounded.

VOLKERSAM IS KILLED.

Admiral Volkiersam had met death meanwhile. When the Russian double column was being pounded an admiral's flag was seen to be flying from the Oslabia. This was Volkiersam's. There was in this case a concentration of fire from the Japanese. The first shot, a shell from a six-inch gun, went plunging through the conning tower of the Oslabia. Volkiersam was in this conning tower. He was blown to pieces.

Under the pitiless crashing of Japanese shells the Oslabia went down. Her decks were like a shambles from end to end, her men were demoralized, many of her officers dead. A torpedo fired at her from a daring Japanese torpedo vessel, No. 35, went home. The great battleship apparently leaped into the air, then turned turtle. Hundreds of her crew were lost. A few minutes later the Japanese torpedo boat was blown to pieces.

The Borodino and the Alexander III. were engaged directly with the Japanese flagship, the Mikasa. Shot for shot they exchanged, until the upper works of the Mikasa were badly shattered. But here again the superiority of the Japanese was shown—this time in marksmanship. The shots of the Russians went high; the shots of the Japanese, particularly from the Mikasa, cut into the Russian vessels just below the water line.

While the Mikasa was in the midst of the fight, Admiral Togo on the bridge, she lost about 60 men. This was due to the concentration of the Russian fire on this vessel. At the end of the three-sided duel the Borodino and the Alexander III. were sunk. Again the daring torpedo boats of the Japanese had figured.

The double formation of the Russians aided the work of these swift boats. At times they were in such positions between the two lines of Russians that neither side could fire at them without danger of firing into the Russian vessel beyond it.

Then from the signal line of the Mikasa a signal fluttered dimly through the haze of smoke and fog:

"Enemy's submarines are sighted. Attack them."

POOR GUNNERS AND SHELLS.

This signal was apparently a useless one. What had been sighted were the keels of two smaller ships of war which were upturned. But the effect of the signal was to force from the Japanese even a sharper fire.

Meanwhile the battling lines, from the time of the first shot, had been moving northward. The Russian fleet was encircled by the Japanese. From north and south, from east and west, the hail of shells poured on them. Upper works of the vessels were swept overboard, at the water line great gaping holes showed.

The Japanese, too, had felt the great baptism of fire. But the Russian fire, being generally low, was not effective. Japanese officers of the war vessels, speaking since the battle, have declared that it was to this fact principally that the Japanese owed their tremendous victory.

Rojstvenky wounded, dead so far as the Russians knew. Volkiersam dead, Nebogoff wounded and captured and Enquist no one knew where, the Russian fleet was in the widest confusion at night. Various ships, acting as units independently of the fleet, attempted to smash through the Japanese lines. The Russian searchlights, which were glaring over the face of the wreck laden sea, were so many guiding lights to the Japanese, who showed no lights.

When the darkness was complete the torpedo flotillas of the Japanese began to bear in on the Russian vessels, while the heavier Japanese ships lay dormant, the full battleship strength, with Togo on the Mikasa; from the northeast comes a line of cruisers and torpedo vessels, and from right and left, behind the fleet, suddenly appear, as if from the very face of the waters, other Japanese vessels of war.

Tired out, worn out woman cannot sleep, eat or work; seems as if she would fly to pieces. Hollier's Rocky Mountain Tea makes strong nerves and rich red blood. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Sold by R. J. Cochran.

FOR SAE.

A desirable lot on Heywood street to be sold at a bargain. Inquire of E. Mallory, 44 Court St., or at office in Frisbie block.

If you want a pretty face and delightful air, Rosy cheeks and lovely hair, Wedding trip across the sea, Put your faith in Rocky Mountain Tea. Sold by R. J. Cochran.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

SNOWSLIDES.

They Are Fearful of Speed and a Magnificent Spectacle.

Snowslides are most frequent on steep mountains that have a heavy snowfall. With a billowy train of snow dust boiling out behind and overturning or crushing almost everything before they make an awful and magnificent spectacle. Their speed is sometimes so great that trees alongside are overturned by the swamping force of the air which the slide has violently disturbed.

There are many well authenticated instances where miners have been caught on the surface of a slide and by dexterous use of their skis have kept on top of the engulfing surface of the slide and come out unharmed. John Muir once rode down from the high Sierra on a snowslide. He was awestruck back down in a minute over a distance that had taken all day to climb.

One day while climbing up a steep snowy slope a slide started beneath me, and for a time I was on the surface of its upper edge, where the snow was about two feet deep. Wading a torrent will give some idea of the sweep of the coasting snow. The snow dust steamed and boiled up around me, and each time I struggled to my feet the rushing snow simply jerked my feet from beneath me. At last, almost smothered, I was dropped off the back end upon bare ground.—Enos A. Mills in Harper's Weekly.

WEAPONS DECLINED.

Virechow's Odd Proposition When Challenged by Bismarck.

Dr. Virechow, the eminent man of science, had been sharply criticising Prince Bismarck, who was then chancellor.

At the end of a particularly severe attack Bismarck felt himself personally affronted and sent seconds to Virechow with a challenge to fight a duel. The man of science was found in his laboratory, hard at work at experiments which had for their object the discovery of a means of destroying trichinae, which were making great ravages in Germany.

"Ah," said the doctor, "a challenge from Prince Bismarck, eh? Well, well! As I am the challenged party, I suppose I have the choice of weapons. Here they are!"

He held up two large sausages, which seemed to be exactly alike.

"One of these sausages," he said, "is filled with trichinae; it is deadly. The other is perfectly wholesome. Externally they can't be told apart. Let his excellency do me the honor to choose whichever of these he wishes and eat it, and I will eat the other."

Though the proposition was as reasonable as any duelling proposition could be, Prince Bismarck's representatives refused it. No duel was fought, and no one accused Virechow of cowardice.

INDEXING BOOKS.

The Custom Is an Old One That Developed Rather Slowly.

The custom of indexing books developed gradually. Cicero used the word "index," but in the sense of a table of contents. Seneca provided some works which he sent to a friend with notes of particular passages, "so that he who only aimed at the useful might be spared the trouble of examining them entire." This was at least a partial "index" in the modern sense. Annotated, or at least explanatory, tables of contents seem to have preceded the index proper.

Such tables followed the order of appearance of the subjects in the book itself. Alphabetical arrangement, which was the beginning of the real index, appears not to have been thought of until the invention of printing, and even then it spread but slowly. Erasmus was one of the first to provide his works with alphabetical indexes. The custom did not become universal until well into the sixteenth century.

The first index to an English book is said to be that printed in Polydore Vergil's "Anglice Historiae" in 1546. An edition of this work published ten years later has an index of thirty-seven pages.

The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary is the identical one made for Stephen and used at his coronation over 800 years ago. The whole is of pure gold, except the settings, and weighs nine marks six ounces, almost exactly fourteen pounds. The settings alone alluded to consist of 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 338 pearls. It will be noticed that there are no diamonds among these precious adornments. This is accounted for by the oft quoted story of Stephen's aversion to such gems because he considered them "unlucky."

Argus Eyed and Hydra Headed.

The term "Argus eyed" means watchful. According to the Grecian fable, Argus had 100 eyes, and Juno set him to watch all of whom she was jealous. When Argus was slain she transplanted his eyes into the tail of the peacock. "Hydra headed" is a term derived from the fable of Hercules and the hydra. The hydra had nine heads, and Hercules was sent to kill it. As soon as he struck off one of its heads two shot up in its place.

The Interest in It.

Pipson—I wonder what there was in the paper today about Masters? Grimes—Didn't know there was anything. Pipson—Oh, there must have been. He was saying to me that today's issue was usually interesting.

Happiness and misery are two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

FOOLED THE SEARCHERS.

How a Quick Witted Scotchwoman Saved a Fugitive.

John Maxwell, a stout Protestant, who had taken part in the battle of Rullion Green, Nov. 28, 1666, successfully defied the many attempts that were made to capture him. Once he had a very narrow shave. The soldiers traced him to Edinburgh and there gave him a chase. Bolting down a close, he dashed into a tavern and explained his desperate case to the landlady, who locked him into the chest that held the oatmeal. The soldiers then entered and searched the house from top to bottom, but could not find their man. Yowing they knew he was on the premises, they called for drink and sat down to think over the matter. One of them, seated on the box that contained the fugitive, remarked:

"I wouldn't say but the Whig is in this very kick (chest). Guidwife, gie's the key and we'll see."

In no way put about, the landlady went to the door and cried to her girl upstairs:

"Jeanie, rin to the guidman for the key of the list till we see if a Whig can lie in the meal and no be hoasting (coughing) w't!"

At this the soldiers burst out laughing, felt there was truth in the guidwife's taunt, drained their cups and departed. Maxwell at last managed to escape to Ireland, where he died.

MACARONI.

One Story of the Origin of the Name and the Dish.

A great many stories are in existence about the origin of the word "macaroni" and the invention of the dish so designated. According to one authority, a drunken chief employed by one of the popes was responsible both for the name and the dish. He was preparing a soufle for the papal soup, and, having taken considerably more than a drop too much, he went on stirring the flour until the soufle was of the consistency of hard tack. The assistant chef, knowing that his holiness was not overparticular about things pertaining to the table, ventured to call the attention of his chief to this fact, and the latter, being a resourceful man, decided to make a paste instead of a soufle.

He waited the result with some anxiety and responded to a call to appear before his holiness with considerable perturbation. Visions of a stay in the papal dungeon rose before him, and when the pontiff asked, with a smiling face, for the name of the wonderful paste served in the soup he was too nervous to think of a name. "My caro" (my favorite) he replied at last, and the pontiff, not catching the words exactly, said: "Macaroni? Well, in future never serve me a meal without a dish of macaroni!"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A BRAVE TOREADOR.

One of the Most Thrilling Incidents of the Bull Ring.

The famous Spanish toreador Reverte figured in one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matadore, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

A Bold Man.

A handsome English girl recently returned from Spain was recounting her experiences to a circle of friends, among whom was a Spaniard. "The thing that delighted me most," she said, "was that charming practice they have in Spain of offering you instantly what you may chance to admire." "Do you approve of the custom?" asked the Spaniard. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Senorita, you have very beautiful lips!" exclaimed the impulsive Andalusian.—London Chronicle.

The Middle Aged Woman.

To be frankly old—with white hair, with a lovely network of wrinkles that look like lace—is to be a belle. One may also be quite young. It is the time between that matters. The middle aged woman is gone—so completely gone that in a little while the world will talk quite gravely of preserving a specimen for posterity. In a few years specimens will be sought for, like Sheraton furniture.—London World of Dress.

Not in the Pugilistic Line.

Bull—Yes, Miss Lang mentioned to me last night that she knew you. By the way, I never knew before that you were a pugilist. Cadley—I a pugilist? Bull—Yes; she told me you were a "lightweight."—Philadelphia Press.

Teaching the Young Idea.

Young Crow—Of course I'm anxious to see the world. Old Crow—Well, you'll find lots of things in it that don't belong to you. Help yourself!—New York Press.

Bangor & Aroostook Railroad

Arrangement of Trains in Effect

June 5, 1905.

Pullman Car Service.

June 5, 1905.

Pullman Parlor Car on train leaving Houlton at 8.25 a. m. and Bangor at 3.25 p. m.

Pullman Sleeping Car on train leaving Houlton at 6.40 p. m. and Boston at 7.00 p. m.

Until further notice trains will leave

Houlton as follows:

8.25 a. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 9.19 a. m., Patten 11.40 a. m., Millinocket 10.23 a. m., Brownville 11.32 a. m., Oldtown 12.31 p. m., Bangor 1.05 p. m., Portland 5.35 p. m., Boston 9.05 p. m.

3.30 a. m.—for and arriving at Littleton 8.46 a. m., Mars Hill 9.31 a. m., Fort Fairfield 10.40 a. m., Presque Isle 10.04 a. m., Caribou 10.30 a. m., Van Buren 11.55 a. m.

11.15 a. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 12.04 p. m., Masardis 1.11 p. m., Ashland 1.35 p. m., Portage 1.58 p. m., Fort Kent 3.30 p. m.

12.35 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.41 p. m., Presque Isle 2.14 p. m., Caribou 2.40 p. m., New Sweden 4 p. m., Van Buren 5.35 p. m., Fort Fairfield 2.30 p. m., Limestone 3.28 p. m.

2.15 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 3.12 p. m., Patten 4.05 p. m., Millinocket 4.22 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Oldtown 6.50 p. m., Bangor 7.25 p. m., Portland 1.05 a. m., Boston 5.30 a. m.

6.30 p. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 7.35 p. m., Howe Brook 8.04 p. m., Masardis 8.48 p. m., Ashland 9.10 p. m.

6.40 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 7.42 p. m., Millinocket 8.50 p. m., Bangor 11.30 p. m., Portland 4.14 a. m., Boston 7.40 a. m.

8.05 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 8.50 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.04 p. m., Presque Isle 9.34 p. m., Caribou 10.00 p. m., Fort Fairfield 9.50 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

8.25 a. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 6.25 a. m., Caribou 6.20 a. m., Presque Isle 6.47 a. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 7.18 a. m., Bridgewater 7.33 a. m.

8.23 a. m.—leaving Boston 7.00 p. m., Portland 10.30 p. m., Bangor 3.25 a. m., Millinocket 6.15 a. m., Sherman 7.03 a. m., Island Falls 7.25 a. m., Oakfield 7.43 a. m., Ludlow 7.59 a. m., New Limerick 8.08 a. m.

9.55 a. m.—leaving Ashland 7.20 a. m., Masardis 7.41 a. m., Smyrna Mills 8.50 a. m., Ludlow 9.13 a. m., New Limerick 9.21 a. m.

12.30 p. m.—leaving Boston 9.45 p. m., Portland 12.55 a. m., Bangor 7.10 a. m., Oldtown 7.47 a. m., Brownville 9.07 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 9.05 a. m., Island Falls 11.33 a. m.

2.10 p. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 11.30 a. m., Van Buren 9.10 a. m., Caribou 12.10 p. m., Presque Isle 12.38 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.09 p. m., Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Monticello 1.45 p. m.

3.25 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 11.10 a. m., Portage 12.40 p. m., Ashland 1.05 p. m., Ludlow 3.02 p. m., New Limerick 3.11 p. m.

6.35 p. m.—leaving Van Buren 2.50 p. m., Fort Fairfield 4.05 p. m., Caribou 4.40 p. m., Presque Isle 5.07 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 5.37 p. m., Bridgewater 5.50 p. m.

8.00 p. m.—leaving Boston 8.00 a. m., Portland 11.05 a. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Oldtown 3.55 p. m., Brownville 4.50 p. m., Millinocket 6.00 p. m., Patten 6.05 p. m., Sherman 6.45 p. m., Island Falls 7.05 p. m.

C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.

BANGOR, ME., June 5, 1905.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Stephen E. Lovely of Limestone, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated March 31, 1904, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds, at Houlton, in vol. 203, page 313, conveyed to me, Mamaree Good of Fort Fairfield, in said County and State, the following described real estate situated in Township Letter E, Range One, W. E. L. S., now said Limestone, to wit: The south half of lot numbered Seventy-seven in said Township, said south half of said lot containing 78 and 82-100 acres, more or less, according to plan and survey of said Township made and returned to the Land Office in 1847, by Charles K. Eddy, surveyor, being same premises described in deed recorded in said Registry of Deeds in vol. 108, page 116. Also the

W. T. Jones, Sec. D. T. Perkins, Pres.
Augusta, Me. Gardiner, Me.
J. T. Collins, Treas.
Manchester, Me.
KENNEBEC VALLEY FARMS
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E MAINE FARM AGENCY
(INCORPORATED)
GENERAL OFFICE
335 Water Street, Augusta, Maine.
W. T. JONES, Manager.

G. D. MELDRIM & CO.
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Caskets and
Funeral Material.
Embalmers and Funeral Directors
Opera House Block,
17 Court St. HOULTON, MAINE.

Veterinary Surgeon
Horace B. F. Jervis,
V. S.
(Graduate of Ontario Veterinary
College, Toronto.)
Diseases of Domesticated Animals treated
scientifically. Dental work a specialty. Calls
night and day promptly attended to.
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HOULTON, MAINE.

IRA G. HERSEY,
Attorney & Counselor at Law
and
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office: Lincoln Block.
Residence, No. 3 Winter St.
HOULTON, MAINE.
Will Practice in all the Courts in the State.

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Physician and
Surgeon,
MAINE
Maine House to Post Office.

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AGENT
Singer Sewing Machine
Machines sold on installments.
Old machines taken in part pay-
ment. General repairing done.
Repairs always on hand.
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BOSTON, ME.
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BUTTER, BEEF, ETC.

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DENTIST
FRISBIE BLOCK
Fine Gold Work
a Specialty.

If it is absolutely neces-
sary for you to have your
teeth extracted I can do
it for you!
PAINLESSLY
I am [using] a [method]
Entirely New [in]
Aroostook [Co].
No Ether or Chloroform
Used in my offices.
Offices in Frisbie Block over
G. W. RICHARDS & CO.

Farms! Farms!
We can save you money if you want to buy
a farm in Somerset or Kennebec Counties.
We have a large list of first class farms at
bargain prices. Write us stating wants. We
pay fare one way to purchasers and guarantee
satisfaction.
PERKINS FARM AGENCY,
L. E. Perkins, Agent,
R. F. D. No. 4 & 5, Skowhegan, Me.
Meet customers by appointment on arrival
any train at Buckman's Drug Store, Water
St.

Why on earth should the Republican
leaders foam at the mouth and yelp
and snap when the administration an-
nounces that it may buy the necessary
Panama canal supplies in foreign mar-
kets, if it can buy abroad more cheaply?
Are we so irrevocably committed to
the protection shibboleth that even the
government is not to be permitted to
escape from the highly profitable opera-
tions of the "special interests"? Must
the government pay twice as much as
is necessary for two steamboats in or-
der that they may be of American con-
struction? Must the government pay
\$28 a ton for steel rails for the Panama
railroad when rails of the same manu-
facture, and from American mills, can
be bought in England for \$22 a ton? As
individual citizens doubtless we
ought to be patriotically content to pay
excessive prices. We can smile and
be happy in the knowledge that our
money goes toward the strengthening
of the wonderful industries upon which
the greatness of our republic is alleged
to depend. But when it comes to de-
manding the same sacrifice from the
government itself—well, really, that is
asking too much! Perhaps we should
not wonder that the special interests
strive to hold every inch of the ground
they have gained. It is human nature
to grab what you can and try to keep
what you have grabbed. President
Roosevelt, by his little announcement
as to Panama, has thrown unexpected
light on the weakness of the grab
system; therefore, the howl. But it
is about time for the nation to awaken
to a realization of the fact that our in-
dustries should now be weaned. That
they have become inordinately fond of
tariff pay is no argument in favor of
continuing the diet. Let us frankly
face the knowledge that the great prob-
lem before us is not so much the mere
acquisition of wealth as its equitable
distribution. The nation has already
become rich—either because of, or in
spite of, the tariff. What are we go-
ing to do with our riches?—Public
Opinion.

The greatest difficulty in adminis-
tering a system of government like ours
is the difficulty of flexible discrimina-
tion to fit particular cases. Immigra-
tion of "Chinese cheap labor" is re-
garded as a menace; hence our Chinese
exclusion law. Now, we have a right
to keep our undesirable foreigners.
Permission to enter this country is a
privilege extended; not a moral obliga-
tion upon us. The exclusion of Chi-
nese coolies is at present a sound policy.
But to rule out Chinese merchants,
students, and travelers; to subject to
Bertillon measurements Chinese of the
better class who come here to show
their wares in an international exposi-
tion; to exclude an American citizen
who happens to be of Chinese birth,
because he has gone back to China for
a visit—such harsh applications are
outrageous. Yet these unjustifiable
restrictions have been, and are, enforced.
No wonder that long-suffering
China is beginning to stir uneasily in
protest.

Fighting Insects
Devouring insects which feed on
cultivated and wild plants and trees
constitute a menace with which man
fights terrific battles, says Arthur
Henry in the June Pearson's—"wars
ranging from the efforts of the small
gardener with one cherished rose bush
to the unanimous rising of a state, even
of a country, against vast hordes of in-
sect enemies. Nature, it is true, pro-
vides a natural foe to each insect plant
destroyer—the trouble is to bring the
two into conflict. Where it is im-
possible thus to fight with nature's
own weapons, others must be designed
—poisonous washes, suffocating gases
—with which to meet out death to the
despoilers. The California scale is an
example known to every one and the
Australian ladybird has practically ex-
terminated the pest. One of the best
examples of the war is the fight a-
gainst the gypsy moth in Massachusetts.
Some thirty odd years ago a French
artist and naturalist, Leopold Trouvelot,
lived in Medford, Massachusetts.
He was studying the habits of the
native birds and insects, and was carry-
ing on experiments with silkworms.
One day he received by post a cluster
of the eggs of the gypsy moth from a
friend in Europe, which he placed on a
table near an open window. A passing
puff of wind blew the eggs into the
grass outside. Trouvelot did not miss
them, or remember them, until, a year
later, he discovered a young gypsy
caterpillars, hairy, gray creepers, speck-
led with red and blue. He attempted



GRADUAL DECLINE

This is the fate of sufferers from Kidney trouble, as the disease is so insidious that often people have serious Kidney trouble without knowing the real cause of their illness, as diseased kidneys allow the impurities to stay in the system and attack the other organs. This accounts for the many different symptoms of Kidney Disease.

You begin to feel better at once when taking

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

as it stimulates the heart, increases the circulation and invigorates the whole system. It strengthens the urinary organs and gives you new life and vigor.

TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.00

ROBT. J. COCHRAN, Agent,

Houlton, Maine.

to stamp the colony out of existence, but finding the next season, that they were more numerous, he gave public warning of what had happened, and advised the community to be on the watch. His warning was regarded as the vaporing of a half-crazy collector of bugs. Trouvelot returned to Europe and for a time the gypsy moth was forgotten.

At last a season arrived when the gypsy caterpillars and moths had so greatly increased in numbers that their food supply gave out. Armies appeared in districts where they had never been known before, and destroyed every green thing. Passing from tree to tree, the hungry host swarmed over all the countryside. At last a specimen of the pest was sent to the state board of agriculture, where it was quickly identified. A commission was appointed, public interest was aroused and an act appropriating some \$25,000 for the extermination of the gypsy moth was passed. A large staff of men, gradually increased until about one hundred were employed, went about the country clearing away infested woods and orchards, destroying eggs and caterpillars. THE GREAT CATERPILLAR WAR.

So began a war that was destined to rage fiercely for ten years, and to eclipse any other insect war of the kind ever known. An inspection made by the state officers in 1890 showed that 50 square miles of country were infested. An elaborate campaign was planned for the next year; \$50,000 was appropriated to the work; the country was divided up into districts, and inspectors with gangs of men were appointed to fight the plague in each district. But in spite of all efforts the insects steadily increased, until they extended over two hundred and thirty square miles of territory. The most effective weapon was found to be the most intense heat given off from the flame of vaporized kerosene. Agents, armed with long hose attached to barrels of kerosene, went into the woods, and directed jets upon all trees within reach, and in this and other ways millions of the gypsy kind were destroyed by each worker.

Each individual tree in the infested region had to be cleaned separately. None was found to be too large, an example of this being a huge elm, more than two hundred years old. Four men were put to work upon it. After three days they reported that it was perfectly clean. Then four other experts were sent up into the tree, and six hundred additional egg-clusters that had been overlooked had been found and destroyed. Notwithstanding, caterpillars appeared in the spring. Then the tree was thoroughly sprayed all over, the hollow places were filled with cement, stray egg-clusters were treated with creosote oil, and the tree was encircled with tarred bandages to prevent caterpillars climbing up. After several months of constant watching the elm was declared to be entirely free from the pest, and never since has any form of the gypsy moth been discovered on it.

Encouraged by such examples, the work of extermination was continued with renewed energy year after year. Had it not been for these energetic steps, the appalling amount of damage that the gypsy moth might have done

is almost beyond imagination. It was reckoned that the increase of a single pair, if unrestricted, would suffice to destroy the entire vegetation of the United States within eight years.

Effective June 4th, 1903.
Trains Daily Except Sunday Except Other-
wise Stated.

DEPARTURES.
Eastern 5:20 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St.
Atlantic 6:20. Stephen, St. Andrews,
Frederickton, St. John and
East; Vancouber, Bangor,
Portland, Boston, etc.
Eastern 9:20 a. m. Express, Week days for
Atlantic 10:20. Woodstock, and all points
North: Presque Isle, Ed-
mundston, Riviere du
Loup, and Quebec.
Eastern 4:40 p. m. Mixed, Week days for
Atlantic 5:40. McAdam, St. Stephen,
St. Andrews after July 1st;
Portland, Bangor, Boston,
Montreal and points West;
Frederickton, St. John and
points East.
Eastern 8:50 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N.
Atlantic 9:50. B.
ARRIVALS.
Eastern 6:25 a. m. Mixed Week days from
Atlantic 7:25. Woodstock.
Eastern 10:20 a. m. Mixed Week days from
Atlantic 11:20. St. John and East: Fred-
erickton, St. Stephen, St.
Andrews after July 1st;
Boston, Montreal and
points West.
Eastern 5:45 a. m. Mixed Week days from
Atlantic 6:45. Woodstock, and north
Presque Isle, Edmund-
ston, and Riviere du
Loup, and Frederickton,
etc., via Gibson Branch.
Mixed Week days from
St. John, and East: Fred-
erickton, St. Stephen, St.
Andrews, Vancouber,
Bangor, Portland and Bos-
ton, etc.
Eastern 9:40 p. m. Mixed Week days from
Atlantic 10:40. St. John, N. B.
C. E. E. USSHER, G. P. A. Montreal.

Ready?

Yes; and we
want you to
come in and see
us. Perhaps
you have all
ready been
thinking about
us and our pop-
ular

Pianos.

If you have
you've done the
proper thing
and we will look
to see you. You
are sure of hand-
some treatment
at our hands.
Our customers
all buy and are
happy. Money
exchanged at
our counter is
well spent and
never to be re-
gretted.

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& ASTLE,**
66 Court Street, Houlton

**Nasal
CATARRH**
In all its stages there
should be cleanliness.
Fly's Cream Balm
cleans, soothes and heals
the diseased membrane.
It cures catarrh and drives
away a cold in the head
quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads
over the membrane and is absorbed. It is not in-
flaming and a cure follows. It is not drying, does
not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug-
gists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.
FLY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Rated H. P. 5 Actual H. P.
6, Bore 6 "Stroke 6" Revo-
lution 350, Price \$175.00
Simple, durable, economical
and reliable. You can pay
more, but you cannot buy a
better engine. 1 1/2 to 150

H. P. Horizontal
and
Portable.
Cord wood
Pole saws
\$24.00
Feedcutters
windmills,
silos tanks,
pumps.
Send for
catalogues.

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EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO.
BANGOR DIVISION.

SUMMER SERVICE.
SIX TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.
Commencing Monday, May 1, 1903, steam-
ers leave Bangor daily, except Sunday at
1:30 p. m. for Winterport, Bucksport, Bel-
fast, Camden, Rockland and Boston.
For Hampden and Searsport Mondays,
Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m.
RETURNS.
From Boston daily except Sunday at 5 p. m.
From Rockland daily, except Monday, at
5:30 a. m., via Camden, Belfast, Bucksport,
and Winterport.
From Searsport and Hampden Tuesdays,
Thursdays and Sundays.
All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers
of this company is insured against fire and
marine risk.

Drill Wells for your Neighbors.
We can start you in a paying business on
small capital. Machines easy and simple to
operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue
and full information.

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to take out a policy in the
Equitable than now. Talk
with
C. Ralph Bryant, Houlton,
Me., about it or communi-
cate with Franklin H.
Hazelton, Manager for
Maine, Portland,

STRONGEST IN THE WORLD.
ASSETS, \$413,953,020.74
Surplus \$80,794,269.21
Dividends paid policyholders in the last five
years, \$26,654,641.78
Equitable Life Insurance Society,
of the United States

L. W. Dyer,
SINCOCK BLOCK
—DEALER IN—

**Meats, Groceries, Fruit
Confectionery,
Crockery, Etc.**
MAIN ST. HOULTON, ME.



PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Es-
tates hereinafter named.
At a Probate Court held at Van Buren, in
and for the County of Aroostook, on the third
Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord
one thousand nine hundred and three. The fol-
lowing matters having been presented for the
action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is
hereby ordered, That notice thereof be given
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of
this order to be published three weeks suc-
cessfully before the third Tuesday of June,
A. D. 1903, in the Aroostook Times a news-
paper published at Houlton, in said
County, that they may appear at a
Probate Court to be held at the
Probate office in said Caribou, on said
third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1903, at ten
of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard
thereon if they see cause.
Frances A. Folsom late of Easton, deceased.
Will and petition for probate thereof and
letters testamentary issue to Ezra P. Folsom
presented by Ezra P. Folsom, the Executor
therein named.
Omar J. Robbins late of Fort Kent, de-
ceased. Will and petition for probate thereof
and that letters testamentary issue to William
J. Robbins presented by William J. Robbins,
the Executor therein named.
Clarence L. Bullard late of Presque Isle,
deceased. Petition for an allowance out of
the personal estate, presented by Huldah C.
Bullard, widow of deceased.
Augustus H. Berry late of Houlton, de-
ceased. Petition for an allowance out of the
personal estate, presented by Margaret Berry,
widow of deceased.
NICHOLAS FESSENDEN,
Judge of said Court.
A true copy.
Attest: SETH S. THORNTON,
Register.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!
How many children are at this season
feverish and constipated, with bad stomach
and headache. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders
for Children will always cure. If worms are
present they will certainly remove them. At
all druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE.
Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

3000 FARMS
8,000 MONEY-MAKING FARMS FOR SALE
throughout New England and the South. "Street's"
Spring List, describing and illustrating hundreds
many with stock, tools and growing crops including
matted trees. If you want to get a quick sale send for
our free description blanks.
Over 4000 sales to men from 23 states since Jan-
uary, 1902, is our guarantee to you that our methods
are right.
Call on our local agent or address
E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY,
150 Nassau St., N. Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON